

# 20 The Enterte

of Youth



Ceu that his armes dyd sprede  
 And on a tree was done to dead  
 From all perils he you defende  
 A desyre audiēce till I haue made an ende  
 For I am come from God above  
 To occupie his lawes to your behoue  
 And am named Charitie  
 There maye no man saued be  
 without the helpe of me  
 For he that Charitie doth refuse  
 O hee betwix though he do vse  
 without Charitie it wyl not be  
 For it is wrytten in the saythe



~~Whiche~~ in charitate in desmonet

I am the gate I tell the  
Of heauen that is full of life  
Ther make no man thither come  
But of charite he must haue some  
Or he may not come thithers  
Unto heauen the cite of blysse  
therfore charitie who wil him take  
A pure soule it wil him make

Before the face of God  
In the .A.B.C. of booke the least  
Ye is wryten Deus charitas est  
No charitie is a great thinge  
Of all vertues it is the kinge  
Whan God in earth was here linge  
Of charite he found none endinge  
I was planted in his hart  
We two might not departe  
Out of his harte I did springe  
throughe the might of the heauē king  
And all p̄restes that be  
Mafe not lyue without charite  
And charite to them they do not take  
they may not receiue him that did them make  
And all this worlde of noughte

✱ youth.

A backe selowes and giue me coume  
Or I shall make you to auoyde sone  
I am goodlye of persone  
I am p̄celes where euer I come  
My name is youth I tell the  
I flozph as the vine tre  
Who may be likened unto me  
In my youthe and Iolyte



My hearre is royall and busshed thicke  
My body p. paunt as a hasei strck  
Myne armes be bothe fayre and strong  
My fingers be both faire and longe  
My chest bigge as a tunnyng

My legges be so lighte for to runne  
To hoppe and daunce and make mery

By the masse I recke not a chery  
What so euer I do

I am the heyre of my fathers lande  
And lets come into my hande

I care for no more  
Are you so disposed to doo

To folowe vice and let vertue go  
Ye steuen so

For nowe a dayes he is not set by  
Without he be buthysse

You had nede to aske God merce  
Why do you so prasse your body

Why knaue what is that to the  
Willt thou let me to prasse my body

Whi shuld I not prasse it & it be goodli  
I will not let for the

What shal it be when thou shalt see  
For the wealth into the pye

Therefore of it be not to boole  
Least thou for think it when thou art old

Permape be lykened to a tre  
In youth floppynge with royallite

And in age it is cut downe  
And to the fyre is throwne

So shalt thou but thou attende  
Be burned in hel without ende

Ye hozson crowell thou lo

Charite

youth.

Charite

youth.

Charite

youth.



W. were leaue thou thyde go  
Pence captife go thi way  
O: with my dagger I shal the slay  
Hins knaue out of this place  
O: I shal lay the on the face  
Sayest thou that I shal go to bed  
For euer more there to dwell  
I had leuer thou had myll fare

Charite. Al ret say do by my rede  
And aske mercy for thy misde  
And thou shalt be an heyrroure of blysse  
Where al sope and mythe is  
Where thou shalt se a glorious sight  
Of aungeles singing with saintes bryght  
Besore the face of God

Youthe. What sayes aboue the sky  
I had nede of a ladder to climbe so hye  
But what and the ladder shyppe  
Than I am deceyued yet  
And if I fall I catche a quecke  
I may fortune to breke my necke  
And that foynte is pll to set

Charite. Nay nay not so  
O yet remember cal to thi minde  
The mercy of God passeth al thyng  
For it is wryten by noble clerkes  
The mercede of God passeth all werkes  
That witnesseth holy scripture saynge thus  
Misericordia domini super omnia opera eius  
Therefore doute not goddes grace  
Ther of is plenty in every place

Youthe. What me thyngere thy clerk saye  
For ye speake good wordes  
Say I pray you and you haue any noze



Shople me a question or ye caste out any more  
Least tohan your connyng is all done  
My question have no solution  
Syz and it please you this  
Whi do me eate musterd with salt fenne  
Sir I praye you solve me this question  
That I have put to your descrecyon  
¶ Thus question is but vanitie  
It longeth not to me  
Suche questions to aspyre  
¶ Sir by god that me dere bought  
I se your connyng is litell or nought  
And I shuld folowe your scol  
Sone ye wold make afole  
Therfore crake no longer here  
Least I take you on the eare  
And make your head to ake

Sir it falleth not for me to fyghte  
Nether by day ne by night  
therfore do my counsaile I saye  
¶ Than to heve thou shalt have the wat  
\* No syz I thinke ye will not fyghte  
But to take a mans purs in the night  
Ye will not say nay  
For suche holy castiges  
Nere wonte to be thrues  
And such wolde be hanged as by  
As a man may se with his eye  
In faith this saine is true  
¶ God save every christen body  
From such such descrepe  
And sende us of his grace  
In heven to have place  
¶ Nay nay I warrant the

Charite

pouthe

Charite

pouthe

Charite

pouthe



He hath no place for the  
weneſt thou he wyl haue ſuche ſcholes  
To ſyt on his gaie ſcholes  
Aſe I warrant he nape

**Humly** Well ſir I put me in goddes wyl  
Whether he wyl me ſaue or ſpyll  
And ſir I pray you do ſo

**Youthe** And truſte in god what ſo euer ye do  
Sir I praye the holte thy peace

And talke to me of no goodnes  
And ſoone leaſe thou go thy waye  
Leſſe with my dagger I the ſlaie  
In faithe if thou ſeue my hatte  
Thou ſhalte be wraie of thy parte  
Or thou and I haue done

**Charlte** Thynke what God ſuffered for the  
His armes to be ſpyed upon a tree  
A knight with a ſpeare opened his ſyd  
In his harte appeared a wounde wold  
That bought both you and me

**Youthe** Goddes ſaſte what is that to me  
Thou dar'ſt wylke thou rede me  
In my youthe to loſe my toyſurie  
Hence knaue and go thy waye  
Or wpyth my dagger I ſhall the ſlaue

**Charlte** O ſir heare what I you tell,  
And be ruled of my counſell  
That ye might ſyt in heuen hre  
with God and his company

**Youthe** A pet of God thou wilt not craſſe  
Tyll I fyght in good earneſte  
On my fayth I tell the true  
yf I fyghte thou wylte ſtreyne  
All the dayes of thy lyfe.



Syr I se it wyll none othertwise be  
I will go to my brother Humillie  
And take good counsaile of him  
Howe it is best to be do therin  
ye mayr syze I pray you of that  
We thinke it were a good sight of your backe  
I wolde se your heles hither  
And your brother and you together  
Fettered fine fast  
I wis and I had the key  
ye shulde singe wel away  
O I let you lose

Charite

youthe

Fare wel my maysters enerychone  
I wyll come agayne anone  
And tel you howe I haue done  
And thou come hither againe  
I wyll send þ hers in the dyuels nam  
What now, I maye haue my space  
To let here in this place  
Besoze I might not stire  
Whan the churle charite was here  
But nowe amonge al this chire  
I wold I had som company here  
I wis mi brother Riot wold helpe me  
For to beate charytye  
And his brother to

Charite

youthe

Huffa, huffa who calleth after me  
I am Riot ful ofite  
My heart as light as the wynde  
And all on Riot is mi minde  
where so euer I go  
But wote ye what I do here  
To seeke youth my compere  
Faine of him I wolde haue a sight

Riot



gauthe

Myot

youthe

Myot

Touth:.

But my tresses hange in my lyght  
God speede master yowth by my fate  
Welcom Myot in the denels waye  
Who brought the hither to day  
That dyd my legges I tell the  
We thought thou dyd me call  
And I am com now here  
To make cotall chere  
And tell the how I haue done  
What I wende thou hadst ben henge  
But I se thou arte escaped  
For it was told me heere  
You toke a man on the eare  
That his purse in your bosome did sle  
And so in Newgate ye dyd lye  
So it was I belew your pate  
I come lately from Newgate  
But I am as ready to make good chere  
As he that neuer came there  
For and I haue spendyng  
I wyll make as mery as a kinge  
And care not what I do  
For I wyll not lye longe in prisson  
But wyll get forthe soone  
For I haue learned a pollicie  
That wyll lose me lyghtlie  
And soone let me go  
I loue well thy discrecion  
For thou arte all of one condicyon  
Thou arte stable and stedfast of mynde  
And not chaungable as the wynde  
But sir I praye you at the leaste  
Tell me moze of that tale  
That thou toldest me ryght now



Wherfore I will tell the  
The mayre of London sent for me  
Forth of Newgate for to com  
For to preche at Tyburne.

By our Lady he did promote the  
To make the preche at the galowe tree  
But say how diddest thou scape

Merely say the rope brake  
And so I fell to the ground  
And ran away safe and sound

Be the way I met with a confessor lad  
And twenty nobles of gold in his purs he had  
I took the ladde in the care

Beside his horse I called hym there  
I took his purs in my hande  
And twenty nobles therein I fande  
Lorde howe I was merr.

Goddes fote thou diddest ynowhe there  
For to be made knight of the colere.

Ye say I tru te to God all myght  
At the next sessions to be dubbed a knight

Now say by this light  
That wolde I sayne se

And I plight the to God me saue  
That a surer colere thou shalt haue

And because gold colers be so good chepe  
Unto the roper I shall speke

To make the one of a good price  
And that shal be of watfanye.

Youth I pray the haue a doo  
And to the saluene let vs go

and we wil drinke dryers to the  
And the cost shal be mine

Thou shalt not pay one peny it wyls

pouthe.

Ryot

pouthe.

Ryot

pouthe.

Ryot.



Yet then wale haue a wenche to hyll  
whan so euer thou wilt  
youth. Mary Riot I thanke the  
That thou wilt be stowe it on me  
And for the pleasure to be it  
I wold not chaunce I shuld vs melle  
And turne vs agayne  
For right now he was with me  
And said he wold go to Humilite  
And come to me agayne

Riot. Let him come if he will  
He were better to bide still  
And he geue the croked langage  
I will laye him on the bilage  
And that thou shalt se done  
Howe lightly it shall be doone  
And he will not be ruled with knockes  
We shall set him in the flockes  
To heale his sore winnes

youth. I shall helpe the if I can  
To dyue a waye that hang man  
Herke Riot thou shalt vnderstande  
I am heire of my fathers land  
And now they be come to my hand  
We thynke it were best therfore  
That I had one man more  
To waite me upon

Riot. I can spede the of a seruante of price  
That wil do the good service  
I se him go here be side  
Some men call him mayster Pryde  
I sweare by God in Trinite  
I will go fetch him vnto the  
And that euen now



Spe the apace and come a gayne  
And bringe with the that noble swayne

Youthe

Lo mayster youth here he is

Byrd

A pretty man and a wyse

He will be glad to do you seruyce

In al that euer he may

Welcome to me good fellowe

Youthe

I pray the whence comest thou

And thou wilt my seruant be

I shall geue the golde and fee

Spz I am content thus

Byrd

To do you any seruys

That euer I can do

By lykelyhod thou shuldest do well ynowe

Youthe

Thou art alkyll felowe

Yes spz I warrant you

Byrd

Yf ye will be ruled by me

I shall you bringe to the degre

What shall I do tell me

Youthe

And I wyll be ruled by the

Hare I shall tell you

Byrd

Considere ye haue good ynowe

And thys ye come of noble kinde

Above all men exalte thy minde

Put doone the poze and set nought by them

Be in company with gentel men

Gette by and doone in the waye

And your clothes like they be gaye

The pretty wenches wyll saie than

Yonder goeth a gentelman

And euery poze felowe that goeth you by

Will do of his cap and make you curteisie

In faith this is true

But I thanke the by the roode

But. Youthe



For thi counsell that is so good  
 And I counsell me euen now  
 Under the techenge of myot and you  
 myot ¶ Lo yowth I tolde you  
 That he was a lassy felowe  
 youthe ¶ Mary sye I thanke the  
 That you wolde bringe him unto me  
 Wyde. ¶ Sye it were expediente that yehad a wife  
 To live with her all youre life  
 myot ¶ A wife nay nay for God auoide  
 He shall haue flethe trauaghe  
 For by God that me dere boughte  
 Quere muche of one thinge is nought  
 The deuy said he had leuer burne at his life  
 than ones for to take a wife  
 Therfore I saie so god me saue  
 He shall no wife haue  
 thou haste a syster fair and fre  
 I knowe well his lemmanshe will be  
 therfore I wolde he were here  
 that we might go and make good chere  
 At the wine some where  
 youthe ¶ I pray you hit er thou do her bringe  
 For she is to my likinge  
 Wyde ¶ Sye I shall do my diligence  
 To bringe her to your presence  
 youthe. ¶ Hye the apace and come agayne  
 To haue a sight I wolde be faine  
 Of that Ladye  
 myot ¶ Sye in faith I shall tell you true  
 She is a fre she and fayre of hys  
 And verie proper of bodie  
 Men call her Lady Lecher  
 youthe. ¶ Wherfore burneth by Godd myght



Till of that lady I haue a gyfte  
 Intret superbus cu luter et dich superbia pde  
 Spz I haue fulfilled your intent  
 And haue brought you in this present  
 that you haue sent me for  
 Thou art a redy messenger  
 Come hither to me my bette to de  
 ye be welcome to me as the hett in my body  
 Sir I thanke you at your pleasure I am Lecher  
 ye be the same unto me  
 Maisters wyl ye to tauerne walke  
 A worde with you there wyl I take  
 And giue you the wine  
 Gentle man I thanke you herely  
 And I am all redye  
 to waite you vpon  
 What sister lecher ye  
 ye be welcome to our compante  
 Well wanton well, spe for want  
 So sone ye do expresse the name  
 what if no man shold haue knowne  
 I wis I shal you bere, well wanton well  
 Alptell prettye nyslet  
 Ye be well hilt God toore  
 ye be alptell prettye, I wis ye go ful gingerly  
 wel I se your false spe  
 winketh on me full wantonly  
 ye be full wanton I wis  
 Wylde I thanke you of your labour  
 That you had to fetch this layze floure  
 Lo youth I tolde the  
 that I wolde bringe her to my me  
 Sir I pray you tell me howe  
 Howe doth she like you

youth.

youth.

Lecher

Ryot.

Lecher

Ryot.

Lecher

youth.

Wylde.



Youthe. Verely wel she pleased me  
For she is courtly gentyll and free  
Howe do you saye Ladye  
Howe fare you tell me

Lecheri. Syr if it please you, I do well knowe  
And the better that you wyl witte

Youthe. Ryt I wolde be at the tauerne fayne  
Least charitie vs mete and turne vs agayne  
Than wold I be soze because of this farte lady

Ryt. Let vs go agayne be time  
That we maye be at the wyne  
O: euer that be come

Wyde. Wite the apace and go we hence  
W: wil let for none expence

Youthe. How we wil fill the cup and make good chere  
I trust I haue a noble here  
Herke sirs for God almightie  
Here st thou not howe they sight  
In sayth we shall them part  
If there be any wyne to sell  
They shall no longer together dwell  
No than I be wize we my bette

Ryt. No syz so more I the  
Let not thy seruantes fight withyn  
For it is a carefull lyfe  
Euermore to lye in strife  
Therefore if ye wil be ruled by my tale  
We will go to the ale  
And se howe we can do  
I truste to God that sitteh on hye  
To lese that lyell compayne  
Withyn an houre or two

Wyde. Now let vs goo for goddes sake  
And se howe merre we can make



Now lette vs go āpace  
 And I belast there I be wzebow my face  
 Nowe let vs go that we were there  
 To make this Ladye some chere  
 Verelpe syz I thanke the  
 That ye will bestowe it on me  
 And whan it please you on me to call  
 My heart is yours bodie and all  
 Faire Ladye I thanke the  
 On the same wyse ye shall haue me  
 whan so euer ye please  
 Not we tarpe longe  
 we wyl go euen now with a lusty songe  
 In faith I will be rector choze  
 Go to it then hardely, and let vs be agate  
 Abide felowe a worde with the  
 whether go ye tell me  
 Abyd and here what I shall you tell  
 And ruled by my counsel  
 Hays no felowe ne yet mate  
 I trowe thy felow be in Retogate  
 Shal we tell the whether we go  
 Nay twis good I hon a Depo  
 who learned the thou mislaught man  
 To speake so to a gentylman  
 Thoughe his clothes be neuer so thine  
 Yet he is come of noble kinne  
 Though thou giue him suche a moche  
 yet he is come of a noble stocke  
 I let the well to wtre  
 What syz I hon what say ye  
 wolde you be feterd nowe  
 thinke nat to longe I pray you  
 It maye fortune come sone prouto

Kyot

youth.

Ascher

youth.

Byde.

Kyot

Byde

youth.

Charite

Byde

Kyot



ye shall thinke it a lytell to  
**Charite** Yet speake let this cease  
And let vs talke of goodnes  
**youth.** He turned his tale he is aserde  
But faith he shal be skerd  
He weneth by flatteringe to please vs agayne  
But he labourerh all in vaine

**Charite** Sir I pray you me not spare  
For nothyng I do care  
That ye can doe to me.

**Wyot.** No horse son sayst thou so  
Holde him pride and let me go  
I shal set a prayre of rynges  
That shall sit to his wynges  
And that even a none.

**Wyot.** Hye the apace and come agayne  
And bringe with the a good chayne  
To holde him here still.

**Charite** Jesu that was bozne of Mare milde  
From all euyl be vs wylde  
And sende you grace to amende  
Oure lyfe be at an ende  
For I tell you trewlye  
That ye lyue ful wickedlye  
I pray God it amende.

**Wyot.** Lo howe I like what I bringe  
Is not this a folowinge  
By my trowth I trowe it be  
I will go wyth of charitie  
How sayest thou maister charite  
Dothe this geare please the

**Charite** They please me well indeede  
The more sorowe the more mede  
For God sayde whyle he was man



**B**eatī qui p̄secutionē patitur propter iusticiā

**U**nto his apostles he sayde so

**T**o teache them howe they shulde do

**W**e shall se how they can please

**S**it downe sit and take your ease

**M**: thinke these same were full meete

**T**o go about your faire feete

**B**y my teache I you tell

**T**hey wolde become hym very well

**T**herfore hye that they were on

**U**nto the tauerne that we were gone

**T**hat shall ye se anone

**H**owe soone they shall be on

**A**nd after we will not tary longe

**B**ut go hence with a merry songe

**L**et vs begyn all at once

**N**ow haue at it by cockes bones

**A**nd soone let vs goo

**L**o maisters here you may se beforen

**T**hat the wyde ouergrowth the corne

**N**ow may ye see all in this rye

**H**ow vice is taken, & vertue set asyde

**P**onder ye maye see youth is not stable

**B**ut euer more changeable

**A**nd the nature of men is fragile

**T**hat he wotteth not what may auaille

**V**ertue for to make

**O** good Lorde it is a pittifull case

**S**ith G: hath lent me wit & grace

**T**o chuse of good and euill

**T**hat man shulde voluntarie

**T**o iache thynges hym selfe applye

**T**hat bys soule shuld spyll

**C**hrist þ was crucified & crownd with thorne Humil:

**Ci.**

**Worde**

**youthe**

**Wof**

**Worde**

**youthe**

**Charite**



And of a blyghn for man was bozne  
Some knoweledge sende to me  
Of my brother Charitie

Charite Dere brother Humillite  
ye be welcome vnto me  
Where haue ye be so longe

Humili, I shall do you to vnderstande  
That I haue sayd mine euenlonge  
But sic I praye you tel me now  
Howe this case happened to you

Charite I shall tell you anone  
The felowes that I tolde you on  
Hauie me thus arrayed

Humil, Sir I shall vnde the bandes  
From your feete and your handes  
Sir I praye you tel me anone  
Whether they be gone  
And when they come againe

Charite Sir to the tauerne they begone  
And they wyll come againe anone  
And that shall you see

humili. Then wyll we them exhorte  
Vnto vertue to resorte, & so forsake sin

Charite I wyll helpe you that I can  
To conuert that wicked man  
youth. Abacke galantes and loke vnto me

And take me for your speciall  
For I am promoted to hye degree  
By right I am kinge eternall  
Neither duke ne lord, Baro ne knight  
that maye be likened vnto me  
they be subdued to me by ryght  
As seruantes to their masters shuld be

humili. Ye be welcome to this place here



we thynke ye laboure all in vaine  
wherefore your bzaines we wyl stee  
And kele you a lytel agayne

Sweetest thou my bzaines thou wylt stee      yowthe.  
I shall late the on the eare  
were thou bozne in trampington  
And brought vp at Hogges noyton  
By my faith it seemeth so  
well go knave go

Do by our counsell and our rede  
And aske mercie for thy misdeede  
And endeuer the for goddes sake  
for thy synnes amendes to make  
O euer that thou die

Charte

Make yowth for god auowe  
He wolde haue the a sainte now  
But yowth I shall you tell  
A yonge sainte an olde deuyll  
Therefore I holde the a foole  
And thou folowe his scoll

Byot

I warrant thee I wyl not be for yowthe.  
I wyl be ruled by yowthe

Then shall ye do well  
yf ye be ruled by our counsell  
we wyl bringe you to his degree  
And promote you to dignitie

Bynde

Sir it is a pitifull case  
That ye wolde forsake grace  
And to byce applye

humill.

whie knaue dothe it greue thee  
Thou shalt not answer for me  
when my soule hangeth on the hedge once  
Then take thou and caste stones  
As faste as thou wylte

yowthe.

C.ii.



**Charite** Syr if it please you to do thus  
Forsake them and do after vs  
The better shall you do

**Kyot.** Syr he shall do well inowe  
Thoughe he be ruled by neither of you  
therfore crake no longer here.  
Least thou haue on the pate  
And that a good knocke

**Pyper de.** Lyghtlye se thou awyde the place  
Or I shall gyue thee on the face  
Youth I trowe that he wolde  
Make you hely or ye be olde  
And I swere by the rode  
It is time inoughe to be good  
Whan that ye be olde

**youth.** Syr by my truthe I the say  
I wyll make mery whyles I may  
I can not tell you howe longe

**Kyot.** Ye sir so mote I thryue  
Thou art not certaine of thy lyfe  
therfore thou were a clacke foole  
to leue myrth and folowe their scole

**humili.** Syr I shall hym exhorte  
vnto vs to resorte  
And you to forsake

**Pyper de.** Aske him if he wyll do so  
To forsake vs and folowe you two  
Nay I warrant you nay

**humili.** That shall you se euen anon  
I will vnto him gone  
And se what he wyll saye

**Kyot** Hardely go on thy waye  
I knowe well he wyll saye naye

**youth.** Yes by God that me dere bought



6  
We thinke ye laboure all for nought  
Wenest thou that I wyll for thee

Oz they brother Charitie  
Forsake this good compaignie

Nay I warrant the

No mayster I praye you of that  
For anye thinge for sake vs nat

And all oure counsell rule you by

Ye may be Emperour oz ye dye

while I haue life in my body

Shall I be ruled by Riot and the

Sir than shall ye do well

For we be true as stele

Syz I can teache you to play at the dice

At the quenes game and at the Tryphe

The Treygobet and the hasarde also

And many other games mo

Also at the cardes I can teche you to play

At the triumph and on and thirtye

Post, pinton, and also aumfise

And at an other they call debouface

Yet I can tel you moze & ye wyll con me thanke

Pinke and Drinke and also at the blanke

And mane sportes mo

I thanke the Riot so mote I the

For the counsell thou haste given me

I wyll folowe thy minde in every thinge

And guide me after thy learninge

youth leue that counsell for it is nought

And amende that thou hast my wrought

That thou maist saue that God hath bought

what saie ye maister Charitie

What hath God bought for me

By my trowth I knowe not

Ryde!

youth!

Ryot.

youth.

Charite

youth.

C.H.



whether that he goeth in white or blacke  
He came neuer at the stues  
Nor in no place where I do vse  
Twis he bought not my cap  
Nor yet my taylor hat  
I wot not what he hath bought for me  
And he bought any thinge of myne  
I wyll geue hym a quartte of wyne  
The nexte tyme I hym meete

**Charite** Sir this he dyd for the  
wh'enthou wast bond he made the free  
And bought the worth his bloud

**youth** Sir I praye you tell me  
Howe may this be  
That I knowe I was neuer bonde  
Unto none in Englaunde

**Charite** Sir I shall tell you  
Whan Adam had done greate trespass  
And out of paradise exiled was  
Then all the soles as I can you tell  
Were in þ' bondage of the deuyll of hel  
Tyll the father of heauen of his greate mercye  
Sent the seconde person in Trinite  
Us for to redeme  
And so with his precious bloude  
He bought vs on the croode  
And our soules dyd saue

**youth** Howe shulde I saue it tell me now  
And I wyl be ruled after you my soule to saue

**Kyot** What youth wyl you forsake me  
I wyl not forsake thee

**humil.** I shall tell you shortly  
Knele downe and aske God mercie  
For that you haue offended



mouth wylte thou do so  
 folowe them and let vs go  
 Marpe I trowe naye  
 Here all synne I forlake  
 And to god I me betake  
 Good Lord I praye the haue no indignacion  
 That I a sinner shulde aske saluacion  
 Nowe thou muste forlake pryde  
 And all riot set aside  
 I wyl not hym forlake  
 Neither early ne late  
 I wende he wolde not forlake me  
 But if it wyl none other wise be  
 I wyl go in my waye  
 Sir I praye God be your sprde  
 And helpe you at your nede  
 I am sure thou wylt not forlake me  
 Nor I wyl not forlake thee  
 I forlak you also  
 And wyl not haue with you to do  
 And I forlake the bitter lye  
 He on the caryse lye  
 Once a promise thou dyd me make  
 That thou wolde me neuer forlake  
 But nowe I se it is harde  
 For to truste the wretched wolde  
 Fare well masters & mycheone  
 For your synne looke ye mozne  
 And euyl creatures loke ye tounne  
 For your name who maketh inquisition  
 Saye it is good contricion  
 That for sinne doth mozne  
 Here is a newe araye  
 For to walke by the waye

Pryde :

youthe :

Charite

Pryde

youthe :

Ryot

youthe :

Ryot

Humili

Charite



your prayer for to saye  
humili. ¶ Here be booke for your deuotion  
And kepe you from al temptacion  
Let no vice deuoure  
Whan ye se misdoing men  
Good counsell geue them  
And teach them to amende

Youthe. ¶ For my synne I wyll moerne  
All creatures I wyll turne  
And whan I see misdoinge men  
Good counsell I shall geue them  
I id exhorre them to amende

Charite ¶ Than shall ye be an heritour of blysse  
Where all ioye and myght is

Youthe. ¶ To the whiche eternall  
God bringe the persons all  
Here beyng Amen.

humili. ¶ Thus haue we brought our matter to an ende  
Before the persons here present  
Wolde euery man be contente  
Leaste onother daye we be wente

Charite ¶ We thanke all this presente  
Of their meeke audience

Humili. ¶ Iesu that syttest in heauen so hye  
Saue all this faire companye  
Men and women that here be  
Amen, Amen for charitie.

✱ fints.

¶ Imprinted at London in Lothbury ouer a-  
gainst Sainct Margarytes church by me  
Wylliam Copland.

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